

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 52.—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29 1804.

50. 823.

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD;

AN ANECDOTE FOUNDED ON FACT.

In a gloomy evening, in the month of November, a violent shower of rain compelled Mr. Darwell, a gentleman of considerable property, to take shelter at the first inn he could find on the road along which he was riding, and which stood near the entrance of a small country-town. While he remained here, waiting for better weather, he overheard the landlord and his wife who were in an adjoining room, consulting together in what manner they should get rid of a poor woman, their lodger, who they perceived had no longer any money to satisfy their demands and whom they, therefore, unanimously resolved the next day to turn out in the street, and abandon to the kindness of the parish, and the generosity of the world at large. Mr. Darwell who had heard the whole of this consultation, was not a little moved by the unfeeling manner in which the final resolution was taken; and, as he possessed a considerable portion of the true spirit of active benevolence, he resolved to inquire further into the situation of this poor woman, and, if he found her deserving, to afford her some relief and protection. With this view he called the landlord, and, entering into conversation with him, soon induced him to mention his lodger; whose husband, he said, had supposed, run away from her; but he could not afford to maintain her on that account, and so, as he found all her money was gone, he must make her run after him.

"As to the woman herself," said he, "I have nothing to say against her; she is certainly a very decent, quiet, good woman, but what of that? I cannot live by her decentness and goodness. There is above ten shillings due to me already, and that, if I can't get it, why it must go; but I must have her take herself away, for I want the room—and take herself away she shall."

Mr. Darwell now expressed a desire to see this woman; telling his host, that if he found her to be the person he suspected he should not lose his shillings, but that he would himself endeavor to do something for her relief.

"Oh, ho!" say Boniface, "I think I understand you. Well now you will find her as comely a lass as you would wish to set your eyes on; and, as she is in such want, I dare say a little money will go a great way, compared with the price of these things in town."

Without making any reply to this illiberal insinuation, Mr. Darwell, according to the directions given by the landlord, went up stairs and in a poor room, with scarcely any thing in it but a wretched bed, found Mrs. Martin, a handsome, middle-aged woman, with an infant about two months old in her lap. He introduced himself by telling her the plain fact—that overbearing some discourse concerning her, in which were particulars that at once excited his compassion and gave him a favorable opinion of her he had wished to see her, to enquire of herself her real situation, and to endeavor to afford her some relief.

"Sir," said she, "to be thus addressed by a stranger, cannot but appear very extraordinary

to one who for a long time,—that is to say since she has been assailed by misfortunes and poverty, has not heard professions of friendship from any living creature. I hope my situation does not embolden licentiousness to make to me any unworthy overtures; which, whatever I may appear, will be rejected with the most indignation scorn. I, besides, still have a husband who loves me, and who, when he regains his liberty, will revenge any insult offered me at the hazard of his life.

"Tears gushed into her eyes as she spoke these words.

"Madam," said he, "believe me I scorn the idea of making so base an offer as much as you can the insulting proposal. My only motive for wishing to see you, was to relieve your distress, the temporary relief of a guinea I could have given you; but I have often observed that benevolent intentions frequently fail of half their effect for want of proper inquiry."

"Sir," said Mrs. Martin, "your appearance and manner inspire me with confidence. My story is not long. I resided several years with a country gentleman of fortune, as his housekeeper, when I became acquainted with the person who is now my husband. My master—who was a very worthy, but a very whimsical and almost superannuated old gentleman, was greatly offended at my marrying, and, when he paid me the wages due to me, forbade me again to enter his house. I had, however, saved some money in his service, and with that my husband, who had been bred to the sea, purchased a small coasting vessel, and for about two years we lived very happily, and were sufficiently successful in our undertakings; but at the end of that time my husband's vessel was wrecked, he lost his all, though (thank Heaven!) he preserved his life; and, nothing we attempted succeeding, we are at length reduced to the situation you see. About three weeks ago, to complete our misfortunes, he was pressed and carried on board a ship of war which sailed immediately, and thus am I, perhaps for a very long time, deprived of him, and of all earthly assistance."

"That shall not be," said Mr. Darwell, "for I have still wealth enough left to do some good in the world with, though I am on the point of losing the one half of my estate; because my father, who was as you say of your master, a very worthy, but almost superannuated old gentleman, concealed some deeds of importance (I suppose for safety) in such a manner that they cannot be found; and without they can be produced, the claimants against me have so plausible a case, that an estate must be lost of two thousand a year. I will pull the house down however, but I will find them. But all this is nothing to you. Permit me to ask you the name of the gentleman with whom you resided as house-keeper?"

Mr. Darwell of Hadley-hall, Hampshire. He died about a twelvemonth ago."

My father!—But it is not surprising that I should not know you: for I resided many years abroad with my uncle in the West Indies, and only came home on the death of my father. You

knew my elder brother, who died about a year before my father, and who was our late king's favorite?"

"I did: he was a good young gentleman. He died about a month after I left Hadley-hall."

Mrs. Martin now seemed to muse for a while, then, suddenly starting, exclaimed—

"I could almost venture to wager a good sum that I can find the deeds you have mentioned, if the large shed near the green-house has never been examined. I have frequently observed my master to go into that shed, and seemed to look round as if to see that no one noticed him. One day happened to be near unobserved by him, and, as you know a woman's curiosity, watched him, and saw him go into a dark corner, open a private door, and go down some steps. I remember, too, that he once told me that he had by accident found so private and secure a place, that he believed he could conceal any thing he chose in such a manner that it should never be discovered. This information may, perhaps prove of importance to you."

Mr. Darwell was much struck with the intelligence, and, procuring a post-chaise, he took Mr. Martin immediately to his house, which was about twenty miles distant. She found the place she had described, though the opening was so artfully concealed that there was no appearance of a door. In the cellar to which the stairs led, were above a hundred guineas in money, and in a chest, the writings which had been so anxiously sought in vain.

Mr. Darwell presented Mrs. Martin with the money, and settled on her an annuity of an hundred a year. Her husband in a few months returned to England, pursued his discharge, and they lived together happily under the protection of Mr. Darwell.

MONEY, ITS POWER AND PEROGRATIVE.

F. Atticus, a wealthy citizen of Rome, refusing to supply his prodigal son with so great a sum of money as he demanded, he resolved to get by stealth what he could not obtain by entreaty. To that end, he, and a servant of his father's that confederated with him, resolved to break open a chest, and rob his father of all the money that was in it; which by agreement was to be equally divided between them, and each to seek their fortunes in a strange country. The money was in a chamber over that where his father and mother lodged; and having opened the chest, and loaded themselves with money, as they were coming down stairs, one of the bags broke, and the money rattling down stairs, awakened the father and mother, who apprehending that thieves had broke in the house and were robbing it. He rose in great haste, and laying hold of his son whom he thought a stranger, his son killed him with a stiletto. The mother running to the window to call for help, the servant threw her out of it, and dashed her to pieces. Then the murderers made their escape, and by day break, were got with their treasure three miles out of Rome, where they went into a public house, to

consult which way they should band their course to avoid being apprehended ; but, differing in opinion, and both being obstinate to take his own course, the servant demands half the money, which the son refusing to give him, he beats his brains out with a hammer. Then put some money into a fire shovel, and having melted it, called up the host, and thus bespoke him : " This dead man is the son of E. Atticus in Rome, to whom I was a servant ; last night we robbed and murdered my master and mistress, and disagreeing about dividing the money, I have (villain as I am) killed his son. O cursed money, that has deluded me to all these acts of barbarity, robbery, and murder ; but as money tempted me to it, so it shall punish me for it :" and so poured the melted silver down his throat, and died immediately.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate:—

The daughter of a master, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence; she was tenderly attached to a feeble mother, who lived a retired life; yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintances; but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily, she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and, in proportion as the men admired, the ladies, of course, hated.

They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who, from her riches, was allowed to give the tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss —— was a very dangerous woman.

The word hit :—they severely pronounced, with a shake of the head in all their parties, that such a one, although very elegant, and very engaging, was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they on y spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Cousiness soon turned to estrangement, and this superior creature found, at the age of three-and-twenty, every door shut against her. A female friend, to soothe her miseries, told her the cause :—“ You are believed to be a dangerous woman.”

The word was a death-stroke to her heart. Who could party it?—it impeded every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its reputation. Stinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined. Had she made the just translation of this inviolable word, she would have been less afflited; for, when they called her *dangerous*, they only meant she was attractive.

Her wretched mother, by advice of the physician, carried her to Bath. Change of objects, and amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and her charms; but that she might not lose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve which had so soon chilled him; marriage followed; and this *dangerous woman* now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased; and when the women pursue her with their envy, she takes refuge in the arms of her doting husband.

THE DARTMOUTH COTTER;

10

THE WIDOW AND HER PONY.

MORE *savage* *than* *the* *howl*
Of *winter* *on* *the* *moor*;
His *voice*, *who* *once* *a* *widow* *drove*
At *midnight* *from* *his* *door*.

The *hills* *were* *clad* *with* *snow*;
And *glimmer'd* *in* *the* *noon*;
Which, *through* *the* *clouds*, *seen*'*d* *like* *the* *sun*,
Obscur'd *With* *mist* *or* *worm*.

*From noon to midnight hour,
The dame her way pursu'd;
O'er hills and dales, o'er moorland wild;
And mountain solitude.*

*Her pony with the cold,
Begins to drop and sink ;
The snow deny'd him grass to eat,
And ice a post to drink.*

*The inn is nigh ; she knockt,
And calls aloud for aid ;
To lift her pony from the snow,
Where prostrate he was laid.*

" Away,"—a voice replies ;
Nor has she answer more ;
But, shiv'ring, listens to the wind
O'er Dartmoor forest roar.

*She thinks of home—so far!
With tears, and heaves a sigh;
When, low! a sound of horror swells
The gale that whistles by.*

*A hollow groan resounds,
And stops her panting breath;
Alas ! her pony's plaintive moan,
Bids her farewell in death !*

*A cat in sight she reached,
Heartless again to kagoo;
But at her call, a swain unbared,
The door, without a lock.*

*He lights a blazing fire,
To yield her sweet relief,
And mingles with her tale of woe,
His sympathy of grief.*

*With morn around the door,
The Cotter's children smil'd,
Or gambol'd in the heath, as blithe
As bees that haue the wild.*

*This tale they love to tell
The stranger on the green,
And show him where the pony fell,
And where his bones are seen.*

*The Father of the dead
Accepts the Widow's tears,
That drop in pity from her breast,
That serv'd her days and years.*

SCRAP.

BOAST not of your health and strength too much, but whilst you enjoy them, praise God, and use them well, lest he deprive you of them.

GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE

LYCURGUS's father losing his life in a popular communion, the crown and ^{the} cities of Sparta descended to Polydectes his elder brother; who soon dying after, the kingdom in right of succession fell to Lycurgus, over which he reigned as king, till it was commonly known ^{was} that Polydecte's wife was with child, and that he administered the government under title of Protector, declaring that the right of the crown was in his brother's child if it proved a son. The Queen sent him a private message, that she would take something to make her miscarry, upon condition he would marry her; but he detesting so infamous an action, and unwilling to leave the child to her mercy, conjured her with a pretence, that taking medicines to cause abortion might destroy her also, and therefore encouraged her to go out her time, and if it proved a son, he would destroy it; which had effect: The lady was brought to bed of a son, and delivered to him as he sat at supper with the nobles, to whom he said, "O ye Spartans, here is your true King," and immediately placed him on the throne, while all men admired his generosity and justice.

UNHAPPY MISTAKE.

IN the fatal fight at Philippi betwixt Brutus and Cassius on the one side, and Octavianus and Antonius on the other, Brutus had beaten Octavianus' right wing, and forced them to fly, and Antonius had compelled Cassius to retreat with the left wing, but not to a greater distance than a neighbouring hill, where he could, with ease, rally his soldiers, and renew the fight; but the cloud of dust that arose hindered him from seeing Brutus's success, he sent Lucius Tatinius to know in what condition Brutus was, who finding them victors, he was returning to impart the good news, and carried a party with him to reinforce those that had retreated. Cassius seeing them coming, and, by an unhappy mistake, thinking they were enemies, and that Brutus was routed, caused his freed-man to call his throat; and Tatinius, finding his dead, slew himself also, supposing his unadvised hand was the cause of that misfortune, which coming to the knowledge of Brutus, it so utterly dispirited him, that he lost his late acquired victory with his life.

ANECDOTE.

THREE young men had got a great estate in money by robbing on the sea, retired to a city, with a resolution to live honest lives, and put their money into the hands of a banker, with mutual covenants, that he should deliver none of it, but when they were all three together. One of them told the rest, that there was occasion to lay out some money for the advantage of their aid, to which they consented, and as they were riding out one day to take their pleasure, they called at the banker's house, and gave his orders to deliver to that person what money he demanded; they rode away, and he demanded the whole sum, laid it on his horse, and rode quite away with it. The other two threatened to sue the banker, as deliverer of the absence; he in great perplexity advised with **Celius Arctinus**, a witty lawyer, who gave him advice to acknowledge he had the money, and ready to pay it according to their written agreement, viz. When all three came together to receive it; but they never more saw the third man, nor did the banker hear more of their suit in law against him.

PASTORAL.

MORNIN.

BURSTING through the sable covering,
Mark ev'rywhere all the sky;
Glozing beauties, now discov'ring,
Trace Aurora's chariot nigh.

Prov'd upon the attic spray,
Chandl'ries now sound their horns,
Herald of the blaze of day,
Light'd by the blaze of Mars!

Over the heath the shepherds stray,
Anxious to unyoke their folds,
When the eastern god of day
Tugs the discast hills with gold.

Fies the ploughman here he meane?
Over the glade an even peace?
What at the seed he treasures?
To manure the human race.

Over the verdant meadows slipping,
Cicks off thistle with roseate glow,
Set the jayous mick maid tripping,
Ladisar'd by care and woe.

Whil'st the cow all ducile stands,
Loos'n near the beechen rail,
At the luster of her hands
Saphy fills the frosty mail.

Now the sky-lark, soaring high,
Warbles through the passing gale,
Whilst the ring-dove's plaintive sigh
Tells us 'tis a tender tale.

And the flor'rex fresh sweets exhaling,
Nurst'd by the dew of morn,
And the active bee, ergating,
Breakfasts on the blossom'd thorn.

View each distant prospect glowing,
From the sun's transculcuring ray;
Health and life at once bestowing
Ev'ry new returning day.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1801.

Fifty-eight Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 29th, inst.

PROCLAMATION,

BY THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Whereas anonymous letters have been sent to John Duffey, of this city, merchant, and Jacobs Mackay, of the said place, grocer, advising them of intention to set fire to certain parts of this city;—And whereas a discovery of the same will probably produce information of the persons engaged in a conspiracy to burn the city, if such exists; and if such conspiracy does not exist, may in future deter persons from thus wickedly disturbing the repose of the city;—I do hereby offer a reward of two hundred dollars for the discovery of the said writers, and a reward of one hundred dollars for the discovery of either of them, to be paid upon the production of satisfactory evidence.

In witness whereof I the said Mayor have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the seal of the mayoralty of the said city to be affixed this 26th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four.

DE WITT CLINTON.

On Saturday morning at about four o'clock the house of Mr. Jeffrey Smith, at Beaver Pond, Jamaica, L. I., took fire by accident, and spread so rapidly, and got such a head before it was

discovered, that the whole was enveloped in flames before any person had made their escape. A little boy and girl, however, were availed just time enough to escape from a horrid death by leaping through the smoke from a window. Mrs. Smith herself, with three children, who all slept in the same bed with her, were present to death, and lay buried in the ruins. What adds to this picture of distress, the husband and the father of the wife were absent, he left home the preceding day, to be early at the Fly-market, where they were at the time of writing the letter which conveyed the above intelligence, utterly unconscious of the calamity that had befallen them. It is ascertained that this fire took by a spark from the hearth.

FOOT PADS.

Several attempts at highway robbery have, we understand, been made in the county of Westchester—a gentleman on horseback was lately stopped by a man, who seized his bridle, and demanded a surrender of his money; having a loaded whip in his hand he made a blow at the officer which struck him in the face and felled him; in the act of falling the pistol which he had pointed at the breast of the gentleman was discharged, but fortunately without doing any injury.

FIRE AT ST. THOMAS.

A letter from St. Thomas, dated the 22d of November, just received by a merchant of this city, states, that the day preceding, a dreadful fire occurred there, by which the principal part of the town, including property to a great amount was laid in ashes. The distress of the inhabitants was extreme.

Another letter states, that the whole of the town, with the exception of but five houses, had been destroyed by the conflagrations.

From the *Portsmouth (N. H.) Oracle of Dec. 15.*

In Exeter, on Thursday morning between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock a blacksmith's shop was discovered on fire. The flames communicated to the store of Mr. Ward Clark Dean, which was consumed with a part of the goods. The loss is estimated at 5000 dollars, and was principally felt by Mr. Dean.

LONDON, September 1.

A most atrocious murder was committed on Hounslow Heath, on Saturday evening, as it is supposed. Yester'day morning, some persons walking near the heath, discovered part of a man's coat bloody; seeing the ground broken near, they dug, and soon discovered the body of a murdered man, very slightly covered with earth. His money, boote, stockings, and hat, were gone, with there was no doubt of his having been robbed; and a fracture on the skull left as little doubt of his having been murdered.

The body was brought to the Supt public-house in Hounslow to be owned; and among others who went to see it was a post-boy belonging to the One Bell in the Strand, who immediately recognized the face to be that of Mr. Steele, who kept the Lavender-water warehouse in Catherine-street, Strand, whom the boy had often driven out to a small estate, part of the inclosure of Hounslow Heath, near Feltham, which Mr. Steele had purchased. Here he grew several acres of lavender, and had a very favorable crop. He went down in the end of last week to pay the men he employed, and left the place to return home on Saturday evening. It is supposed he was walking across the heath to Hounslow, there to take coach for town, when he was attacked robbed, and murdered.

COURT OF HYMEN.

O Marriage! source of each delight,
Which mortal bournes canst not,
That captures life with thy sweet art,
From thee what transports flow!

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Philip Moore, Mr. John Higham, to Mrs. Sarah Abbott, both of this city.

On Friday last, by Samuel West, Esq; near Woodbury, N. J.—Jossey, Mr. Edward Astor, formerly aged 22, to Miss Catherine Hall, late of Saxony (Germany) spinster, aged 22.

At Savannah, Mr. John G. Cushing, to Mademoiselle Louise Marie Georgeanne Faber, of St. Domingo.

MORTALITY.

LIFE is at best but like a winter's day,
A full of storms and yet so cold to dry,
We scarce can count the hours before it, tides, many.

DIED.

At New Windsor, on Sunday the 2d inst in the 43d year of her age, much regretfully a numerous family and extensive circle of friends Mrs. ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, wife of Mr. James Williams.

On the 6th Inst. at Norwich (Conn.) Mrs. FRANCES M. WHITING, wife of Mr. Samuel Whiting, one of the proprietors of the Albany Courier.

At Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening of a Consumption, Mr. THOMAS DALTON, printer a native of Canada.

57 A CHARITY SERMON will be preached next Sunday forenoon, in the Baptist Church, in Gold-street, and a Collection made for the Baptist Charity School.

TICKETS.

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

The subscriber in consequence of the late fire has sold his Sail Loft No. 192 Front-street, Dec. 24, C. WHITING.

WANTED.

FOUR Apartments to the manufactory business at 67 State Street, inquire of states, 533 3.

25 000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

For Sale at this Office; No. 3 Peck-Slip,

Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellaneous, Novels, Roman-
ces, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography,
Navigation, &c. &c.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers,
Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pcket Books,
Tables, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

PRINTING

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE IN A
HANDSOME STYLE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE NEW YEAR,

AN ODE.

TIME, always on the swift career,
Hath flung behind another Year,
And usher'd in the New;
What's past's no more—and what's to come
Lies in Eternity's dark womb,
'Tis doubtful who may view!

Back on past time we look—replete
With pain with pleasure, or regret;
As we the same have spent;
Then forward gaze, with longing soul,
While hope aims at some fav'rite goal,
Where all our thoughts are bent;

Fondly the man of pleasure dreams,
(Who glides down dissipation's streams)
To reap more pleasing joy;
On disappointment's waves long cast,
Tir'd with old course—owns at last,
That sensual pleasures cloy.

The wretch who doats on treasur'd ore,
Bids ev'ry year increase his store!
Th' ambitious man will say:
This year will make each wish complete,
My foes, like vassals at my feet,
Shall bend and own my sway.

Thus we divide 'twixt hope and fear
Alternately, the coming year,
Comparison our guide;
And eager pry in fate's dark womb,
T' anticipate our future doom,
And learn what Heav'n deny'd.

Why does this passion strongly move?
Whence of futurity this love?
Whence springs the pow'ful thought?
Some unexpected chance, our dreams
Of temp'l bliss, and high built schemes,
May ev'n turn to nought.

May ev'ry New Year me survey,
Wiser, and better than to-day;
And still to have a friend;
Till Heaven's mandate calls me hence,
Where change no more can give offence,
Nor years can ever end!

EPIGRAM.

WHEN e'er you marry, to his son
A prudent father said,
Take for thy loving helpmate, one
Rich widow, or rich maid;
For any wife may turn out ill,
But, gad! the money never will!

MILLINERY SELLING OFF.

(No. 119 William-Street.)

A SAUNDERS being determined to sell off, and quit that line of business, would recommend it to those Ladies who have not supplied themselves with Bonnets for the winter, to call and see before they purchase, as they may assure themselves of finding them much lower in their prices, than they can be afforded by such as mean to continue that business. The Millinery consists of Plush, Velvet, Satin, Brocade, Imperial Hats and Bonnets of the newest fashions and all imported by the latest arrivals from London.

N. B. Country merchants may be supplied on good terms.

Dec. 15. 1803.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,
neatly bound:—For sale at this office,
also, a large assortment of
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

MORALIST.

Weak is the excuse that is overcomen baile—
The use of gaming lessens not the Guile.

ROBERT BOYLE.

"STOP for a moment!—carefully consider, thou that hast so long continued the career of corruption, and sacrificed thy soul at the shrine of sin and folly. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Dost thou dare to tempt Omnipotence, or violate his holy law, written also in thy heart? Attend to the still, small voice of conscience, poor cowardly creature! whose existence depends on his will, and life is but a span; thou knowest not that the morrow shall be thine. What hast thou to plead? A vice without a gratification! This nation groans greatly beneath the sin of swearing. Blush for thy past folly, and crave help for thy future amendment, of him who can again renew thee! Initiate thyself into virtuous freedom. Truth needs not tattered ornaments to adorn; but, simply arrayed, it persuades. The God of Truth, even Christ, who is willing to be thy Redeemer, hath commanded his followers, "Swear not at all." Forsake the foolish; and live a new life, even to his glory; for time is short, and altogether uncertain."

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability endeavor to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purpises opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decums, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Instruments, Wills, Letters, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

No. 17 Bunker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL,

Alexander Lavigne, Hair Dresser from Paris, has the honor to acquaint the Ladies of this city that he cuts hair in the newest style. He makes Coarse Follis of all sorts, and is well known for Cutting the Hair à la Tissu and à la Grigue. His residence is at No. 24, Barclay St., second door from the corner of Greenwich St.

N. B. He will wait on Ladies at their houses.

830 gr.

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE's improved thinning liquid blacking for bows and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the publick, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery, No. 136 William-Street, and by G. Camp No. 143 Pearl-Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the best quality.

Dec. 17.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rule,) No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's Improved chemical Milk of Roses to wet known for clearing the Skin from freckles, pimples, redness, or sun-burnt: has now an equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fit for gentlemen after shaving,—with printed directions.—6s. 8d. and 1s. per bottle, or 3 dollars, per quart.

Smith's Pomade for the hair, for thickening the hair, keeping it from coming out or turning grey 1s. 4d. and 6s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, ss. per lb.—ds. Vis. ss. double (leaded), ss. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, ss. 6d.

Smith's favorite Royal Peale, for whitening the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only ss. base, with directions, 4s. and 6s. per pot.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for Teeth and Gums, warranted, ss. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Colours immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Bleaching Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, ss. 6s.

Smith's Castile Oil, for glazing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Flaxing, ss. per box.

The best warranted Concrete Balsam, Balsam Resin, Stop, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Buffing-Towels, Shell, Ivory, and Horn combs, Superior white Birch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. * * * Great allowance to those who buy in full again.

December 6 1803.

205 15.

ELEGANT SILVER TEA SETS &c. JEWELRY.

JOHN W. FORBES,

No. 421 PEALE, CORNER OF RUE-STREETS,

Returns his thanks to his friends, and the public, to past favors, and flatters himself from the knowledge he has in Manufacturing the above articles, and the various alterations made to all orders to meet a convenience of their patronage. He has on hand a few Tea Sets, of the long fashion, and most elegant patterns. Likewise Teas and Table Spoons, Sugar-tongs, Stop Ladles, Gravy and Mustard Spoons, &c. &c. Gold Lockets, Hair Pins, Rings, Ear Rings &c. &c. Ivory and silver Nerves Needles, Pin-cushions, Pocket-Rocks, Combs, Beads, &c. &c.

[C] Silver Tea Sets, Coffe-pot, and Beggars, Wine-Sauers, &c. made to my pattern, on the former notice. Workmanship and Silver, warranted equal to British Sterling.

N. B. Old Gold and Silver Taken in payment.

Dec. 18. 1803.

Bog. ds.

NEW-YORK REGISTERING AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

No. 9 Broad Street (near the City-Hall) where females or single gentlemen, upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; merchants with clerks, mechanics with journeymen, ——also, servants, apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places.

Sept. 8. 1803.

816 15.

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No. 5 PECK SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.